

Providence, April 10, 1866.

My dear Wendell:

A year ago, to-day, I was on board of the *Arago*, on my way to Fort Sumter with Major-General Anderson and party. How many startling and far-reaching events have been crowded into that brief space! How sad and shocking was the assassination of President Lincoln! And how sad and shocking to have such a perfidious successor as President Johnson! Who can tell what another year will bring forth? We have a strong loyal Congress, it is true, to interpose as a breakwater against Executive usurpation while it remains in session; but what may not such an unscrupulous betrayer of the party that elected him, as Andrew Johnson, do when that body adjourns, and he has nothing to fear from its presence or legislation? You have rejoiced with me, and with millions of others, in the passage of the Civil Rights Bill over his Veto by Congress. The lines are now broadly drawn.

It is now ten days since I came here to see what Dr. Dow could do with his electrical apparatus for the sprains in my right shoulder and arm. He has experimented daily, but thus far without any effect, though he is sanguine that he can relieve me in a few days more. I am not. My pains are sharp and constant every day, and every hour of the day, and all through the night. No doubt rheumatic inflammation has "set in," which will somewhat complicate the case. Being thus disabled, it is only with considerable anguish that I can write a brief epistle like this; and, therefore, I am compelled to forego letter-writing almost wholly, excepting to your mother, with whom I keep up a daily correspondence — Frederick Anthony taking mine to her every morning, and bringing one from her every evening. But for this, I should have tried to send an article or two for The Nation, as I ought, before the present volume is concluded, to do something in that line, so as to redeem the promise made in the Prospectus.

I believe you have been informed that, verbally, I have agreed with Ticknor & Fields to write a history of the Anti-Slavery movement, in two volumes of six hundred pages, large octavo - the first to be ready for sale by next Christmas, if possible; the other in the course of next year. They offer me favorable terms, and pecuniary advances while I am preparing the work; but calculate upon a larger sale than I do - at least 25,000 copies in this country, to say nothing of England. When I return home, we shall have an agreement in writing.

I would have left Providence to-day, and been with you to-morrow, to attend an important meeting of the Managers of the American Freedmen's Commission, were it not for my crippled condition. Please tell Mr. McKim that he will greatly oblige me by stating the cause of my absence to the meeting.

Could I do so, I would also attend a celebration of the anniversary of the flag-raising at Fort Sumter which is to be held in Brooklyn next Saturday, and to which I have been invited.

Charlotte and Henry are enjoying themselves highly at Washington with Harry and Fanny. They will return in about a week, bringing Fanny along with them - the darling! Harry has been quite unwell, and is evidently in a bad way. Filson told him that what he needs is "a constitutional amendment."

Your mother gets along pretty well, though she says her foot is somewhat swollen, and her left arm growing more stiff. She will have to ^{come to} Providence to receive treatment by and by.

How are you getting along? Letters are too infrequent between us, but I know you must be busy to nearness with your office duties; and I need no written assurance of your affection or remembrance, as I am sure you need nothing of the kind from me.

With overflowing love to dear Lucy, I remain,

Ever your loving Father,
W. L. G.

Ms. A. 1.1 v. 7, p. 148